

DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THESE THINGS?

HARD DUTIES OF A PRESIDENT.

His First Act of Self-denial Will Be to Stand in the Rain With His Hat Off.

TAKING OATH IN OPEN AIR

Must Learn the Art of Persuasive Messages and Fluent Proclamation Writing.

MUST KNOW PRECEDENCE

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In a few days the die will be cast and the choice made for the next President. The incoming President, though a man long prominent in politics, begins immediately after to "go to school." He has much to learn before he can take his seat as President of the United States.

His school books will be the advice of his predecessors, a lesson from the judge of the Supreme Court who administers the oath of office, and the Constitution of the United States. Certain things are prescribed for the President to do. Others he does from long-established precedent.

Chronologically, in the order of events exactly as they occur, the first thing a President has to learn is self-denial. His oath of office is administered in the open exposure upon the East Capitol front, and from there he delivers his inaugural address.

"SWORN IN" IN THE RAIN.

A time-honored custom with the Weather Bureau is to provide a drizzly, sleety rain at this time, and the new President with bare head, promises to forget himself, his own welfare, his opinions, and his ambitions in the interests of the people. The rain baptizes his head with this blessing. The people look on from their comfortable platforms, sheltered by umbrellas, and applaud. The President is practicing self-sacrifice, but he will have a cold in his head without doubt. Cleveland had a mild attack of grip after his last inaugural. What? How it rained at 12:30, the hour for the inaugural address!

The proceedings before the inauguration require study on the part of the incoming President. His duty is to be in Washington March 4, at 10 o'clock, ready to go to work. His term of service is four years, dating from that hour. Custom makes him do more.

The day before the inauguration the President-elect, accompanied by his private secretary, arrives in Washington. There is always a crowd to meet him at the station, and from the minute he registers at the hotel with his "suite"—in other words, his wife and relatives—he must hold an informal reception. He must take his primary lesson in affability. No matter if they do press in while he is taking his morning bath to urge a post-office appointment, no matter if Mrs. Brown from Columbus does arrive with the coffee and after-luncheon smoke to beg a button off the Presidential coat-luncheon, coffee, cigars, all must be given up, and the President must smile and smile again.

In the afternoon the President-elect, like any new hired man, goes to call at the White House upon the old President. His object is to notify him that he is in Washington, and is ready to assume the duties

of office. He makes a call of ten minutes and goes back to his hotel. Within an hour the old President, with his secretary, calls at the hotel and notifies the incoming President that he is ready to deliver up the keys of state. In the evening all dine together at the White House.

The next morning, the 4th of March, the new President goes to the White House at 10 o'clock. In a little while the Senate Reception Committee calls there and all get into carriages to go to the Capitol for the inauguration. There are the two Presidents, the two Cabinets, the head of the army, the commander of the navy and a large citizens' escort. A few preliminary remarks in the Senate and the President finds himself upon the march of the Capitol addressing the crowd in the rain.

PRESIDENT LEARNS TO WRITE.
A duty which the President has to learn early in his career is the writing of hortatory messages. Not only must he write correctly, but he must be able to write his messages and proclamations so that they go to the hearts of the people. This often requires study on his part.

The most trying proclamation ever issued was the Thanksgiving message sent out by President Arthur a few weeks after Garfield's death. Garfield was then on trial, and feeling ran high against the incoming administration, as well as against the assassin. A few wild rumors credited Vice President Arthur with "conspiracy."

In the midst of this, Arthur, succeeding to the Presidency, had to send out a proclamation of Thanksgiving. There was some curiosity to see how he would word such a message at such a time. But his supreme tact rose to the occasion. After a few words of introduction, he boldly took the bull by the horns. He said:

"At this period, when the falling leaf admonishes us that the time of our sacred duty is at hand, our great nation still lies in the shadow of a great bereavement, and the mourning which has filled our hearts still finds its surviving expression toward God; yet the countless blessings which have showered upon us during the past twelve months call for our fervent gratitude."

Then followed thanks for all the horrors that had not visited us. Thanks for no pestilence, no famine, no war, no riot. Thanks for everything that had escaped us. No mention of the calamity that had befallen.

It was a mighty effort of tact and it made friends for him. The incoming President should always learn tact. To be without it has made enemies for many a good Executive.

"HONORABLE" NO LONGER.

The two names must renounce titles. He can no longer be the "Honorable William." George Washington settled this years ago. A British soldier addressed him as George Washington. The father of his country replied that he wanted no titles. "Oh," said the officer, "et cetera means everything."

"Yes, but it may mean anything," said Washington significantly, thinking no doubt of the English king and his title.

An attempt was made by the First Congress to give the President a title. The House decided that the President should be addressed as "His Excellency." The Senate favored "His High Mightiness," but the House of Representatives fought it, and finally in 1789 it was resolved that the President's address and title be "The President of the United States."

The President must learn to bear physical distance. Grant was awakened from his sleep at 2:30 a. m. the morning the

Butler "salary-grab" bill was passed. The President's approval was necessary. By 10 o'clock the President had read the bill, approved and word was carried to the Capitol to that effect. That meant work in the wee sma' hours. When the bill was repealed the President worked none the less faithfully.

The incoming President must learn to make a bow. He will have to bow down and serve many a fair "chairman of the executive committee" and lead many a diplomat's wife to dinner. For this he must have learned Chesterfieldian grace.

The President must learn to introduce. Not merely to pronounce names, but to conduct the art of presentation in a manner that shall be acceptable to all peoples and all nations. At his wife's receptions he must pronounce the names of the callers, if the reception be one at which the Executive must be present. And at dinner he must be the gracious host, presiding, greeting, leading the way to dinner, designating places and being ready for the return trip to the drawing-room at a mystic look from his wife.

COL. "JACK" ASTOR AS AN ELECTRICIAN

A Serious-minded Millionaire Who Studies Scientific Problems For a Purpose.

HIS GREAT ELECTRIC LAUNCH

He Aims to Perfect a Storage Battery and to Control the Market.

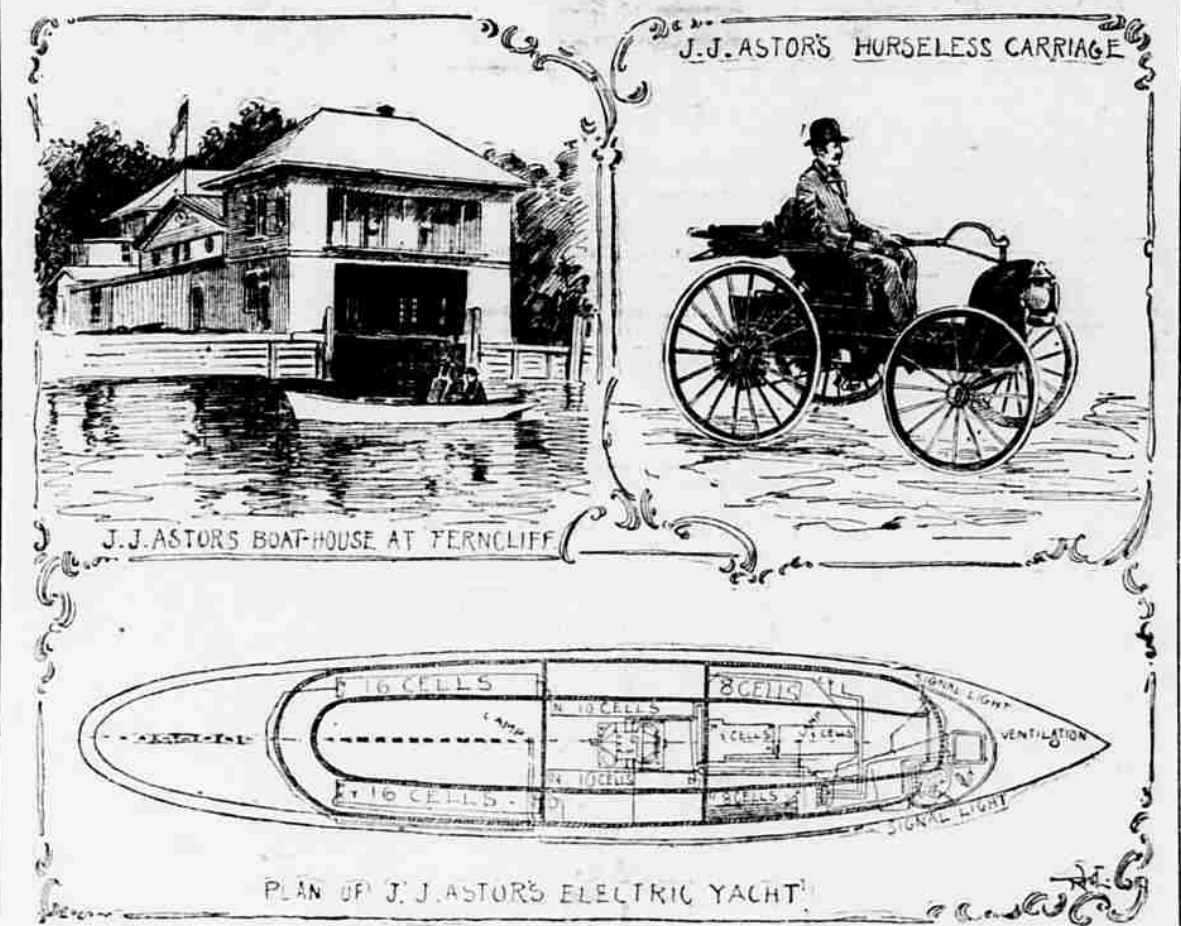
(Copyright 1896.)

New York, Oct. 24.—The spectacle of a serious millionaire is not so uncommon in Gotham as to excite remark, but when

for famed Niagara power to be left in the area way every morning with the milk, perhaps.

If the Astor-Vanderbilt combination gets fairly into the field with a practicable storage battery, there will be a financial battle of the giants. Speaking roughly and disregarding combinations which may be at one time broken, the big powers in the electric field are the Western Union Telegraph Company, the Bell Telephone Company, the Thomson-Houston combination, the Edison Company, the Yerkes, Widener, Whitney and Flower street car companies and their ramifications—in all representing close upon two thousand millions of capital.

The trolley car interests, although the growth of few years, are considered, collectively, by far the heaviest users of electricity. It is in their field, too, that the storage cell would prove most useful. William C. Whitney is bound to the head of the Vanderbilt family by the recent marriage of Harry Payne Whitney and Gertrude Vanderbilt. Ex-Gov. Flower, who practically controls the Brooklyn trol-



The question of precedence is an important study for him. At a White House dinner each gentleman guest finds in his dressing room a card bearing a diagram of the dinner table and showing him his seat at the table. The name of his partner is also given.

This the President personally superintends. At least, it will be his fault if anything goes amiss. He must learn when to shake hands, when to put his hands behind him, when to make a courtly bow. His etiquette is severe. Though he need make no calls, he must receive many and may decline some.

The duties of his administration he need not learn. These are presented to him as they come up, and his secretary sees that he attends to them. But the thing that he must learn is impartiality. This he does with more or less success, and is commended proportionately.

JAMES BARTON.

a young man, the owner of millions, inherited from several generations of moneyed ancestors and reared in the lap of luxury, takes off his coat and busies about a laboratory with a dab of snuff on the side of his nose and his sleeves rolled up to disclose a pair of long, sinewy arms, that look as if they contained a blacksmith's muscles, then, indeed, society has something to talk about.

King Louis tinkered at blacksmithing for fun, while Paris was bailing the revolutionary pot. John Jacob Astor, "Col. Jack," born to the plutocratic purple, is a practical electrician partly because the serious bent of his mind disposes him to scientific subjects, and partly because, as a capitalist, he is the moving spirit in a great combination which seeks to control the storage battery market of the country—after first creating the market; but that is easy. In fact, the market will create itself, when once the people have the assurance that the problem of storing the current is satisfactorily solved.

Col. Astor's character must be taken into account. He is a long, lean, saturnine individual with a lantern jaw, a drooping mustache, and sloping shoulders. He looks somewhat like an elderly theological student of the Calvinistic persuasion. He can make a rifle score of 16 at 100 yards; he has written a book which was poor as literature, but displayed some grasp of scientific subjects; he has a horseless carriage and he owns the largest electric launch in the world.

That, by the way, is not saying much, as the gallant craft, the *Utopian*, is only ninety feet in length, but it is worth noting that she is equipped with storage cells of the sort with which Col. Astor is experimenting. These are the inventions of Z. A. K. Samuels, a slender, black-haired man who shares with Teda and Edison the interest of the electric world. These cells were used first in an electric launch *El Progresso*, where they worked so well that it was decided to use them in the larger *Utopian*. They are the largest ever built, being somewhat larger—to use an illustration quite familiar to many readers—than a beer keg.

Col. Astor lives at Rhinebeck-on-the-Hudson near the model farm of Col. Levi F. Morton. He calls his country place Ferncliff. Here he has the finest boat house owned by any private person in the United States. It is quite as much a workshop as a boat house, for the colonel has installed in it a forty-horse power engine and a big dynamo which not only lights the house and other buildings, but furnishes power for experimentation and for charging the cells. The *Utopian* had to be towed from Nyack, where she was built, to Ferncliff, to receive her initial charge of electricity. Here in the boat house Mr. Astor has private apartments, to be convenient to the scene of his loved labors.

Col. Astor is very "thick" with Dr. W. Seward Webb, representing of course the Vanderbilts' interests. It was Webb who stocked the Astor greenhouse with violet plants from his own collection. But that is a detail of neighborliness. Webb is interested with Astor in the electrical experiments and in the big Niagara Falls development scheme. This much-advertised underwriting "charming Niagara" is a catching phrase—a very questionable financial venture. The company will have no permanent difficulty in supplying Buffalo and other nearby towns with a power much cheaper than steam, though it has had considerable collapse of interest with local authorities, but electricians look mysteriously wise when asked if the problem of transmission of electricity by wire to long distances without serious loss has been successfully dealt with.

It is an open secret that some of the smaller stockholders in the development have been pretty hard pressed, but of course the Astor and Vanderbilt interests were able to stand a little costly experimentation.

If the cell is perfected—oh, that is quite another matter! Then it will be possible

to system, is in turn one of Whitney's closest political and financial associates. The Yerkes family have social aspirations which are to be gratified by residence in New York, and in which the influence of the Vanderbilts and Astors may prove very useful. Thus, like the links of a chain, may be traced the links in the community of interests that bind the street car magnates to the Astor-Vanderbilt combination.

These may seem shadowy considerations, perhaps, but millions are as human as other men; and personal friendships will go a long way with them—providing the scheme proposed promises profit.

Some people who can see farther ahead than a man ought to do, profess to foretell as imminent a ranging of electrical interests in two gigantic camps, headed on the one side by the Gould-Sage millions and on the other side by the new Astor-Vanderbilt clique, and determined upon deadly battle.

YOUNGEST LUNATIC IN THE WORLD

A New York Baby of Fifteen Months Has Been Hopelessly Demented for a Year.

(Copyright, 1896.)

New York claims the honor of owning the youngest insane person in the world. Charles Warsaw, whose address can be easily obtained, has symptoms of insanity as pronounced as those of the patients who fill Bloomingdale and keep the State Asylum comfortably inhabited.

He is fifteen months old and has been a lunatic since he was eleven months. How much earlier than that is not known, for his parents are poor, and no brain specialist saw Charles under that age. His mother says he began to be a queer boy at two weeks. Charles' insanity shows itself by his exceedingly funny actions. He interrupts the most serious conversations with a silly smile. He bursts into laughter in the middle of the night, and some nights he laughs the whole night long. His expression is the funniest, and at the same time the silliest, ever seen upon a baby's face.

AMUSES THE PATIENTS.

At the clinic, where this baby goes, weekly, he is a source of amusement for the other patients. But the doctors shake their heads, for they know that this boy will never regain his reason. While they examine him he breaks into a snigger and looks at them with a grin that is not what is called an idiot, but is really and truly insane. Smart enough in a way, but erratic, not to be depended upon, and apt to change any minute to a violent state. He may mature suddenly and become what is called a "good" idiot, but it is not probable.

He may start in upon the process of sudden development and in three months pass through all the varying stages of life. His teeth may come, he may talk fluently. His teeth and hair may leave him, his speech may get feeble, and he may grow gray and wrinkled. His conversational powers may, for the few weeks of the transition period, be the equal of the average grown man, and then may fall, until he dies of senile debility—dies of old age at two years. Such a case recently happened. For two weeks the baby talked like an old man, only showing in his conversation the lack of experience. When he died he was as wrinkled and yellow as a winter apple in summer time. Just now he is laughing all the time.

Physicians, specialists on children's diseases and those who have charge of outdoor infirmaries, say that insanity among young children is a very frequent thing. It occurs among the rich as well as the poor, but when a rich baby becomes insane it is treated specially and generally gets well or dies under the treatment. But with a poor baby the case runs along until the brain is hopelessly befogged. That is why you hear of the poor, but not the rich.

The symptoms which a crazy baby presents vary. The mother notices its peculiarities, and thinks they are precisely the reverse of them and gets alarmed. One child of a little more than a year suddenly refused its food, though it had been eating at the table for three months. Not a bite of anything would it take—no meat, barley, mush and all its accustomed foods were offered in vain. The bottle was appealed to, though the boy had not seen his bottle for weeks. Immediately upon being told that he had refused to eat, he began to cry and began combing his hair with it, while with the other he tore out his scanty locks by the handful, shouting gleefully the while. A visit to the brain specialist, and the parents came away knowing that they had a crazy child.

Lunacy among young children comes from different causes. One of them is the

ASYLUM FOR INSANE BABIES

There Are Morphine Fiends a Week Old and Drunkards Under a Year.

HOW DOCTORS FIND IT OUT

giving of narcotics. Paragoric is said to make more little lunatics every year than the asylums can cure. The nurse gives paragoric so she can get sleep herself. The child gets sleepy, but the brain gives out. Soon the child begins to act queer.

BABY DRUNKARDS.

Whisky makes many a child lunatic. Some children, specialists say, are born drunkards. The mother drank whisky and brandy steadily, and the baby has to have whisky because it cannot "sign the pledge" and break off right away. Its system has always had whisky, and it gets very weak if whisky is withheld. It must become a teetotaler gradually, and "breaking off" takes three or four weeks.

A queer case of a morphine-eating baby came up at a clinic not long ago. The baby was three months old and a pronounced morphine eater. The mother, it seems, had been a morphine eater for years. When the child was born it was healthy, but within a day began to show signs of collapse.

It doubled up in agony and became lifeless, spasms succeeding spasms. Its mother, seeing its sufferings and recognizing them as her own when deprived of morphine, gave it a tiny dose. Immediately it was calm and as well as any day-old baby. But it had to have the morphine later in the day and again in the night and many times next day. The child prospered and the mother kept on giving the morphine. But at three months it showed signs of becoming insane. It never smiled, never uttered a sound of any kind, was all wrong inside and out. It took the clinical doctors a long time to find out the truth. But they managed to cure the child before it lost its mind forever and ever.

The small boy before quoted, who is insane, has peculiar tastes. He prefers not to wear his clothes. Though able to walk by himself in the street, he is not happy unless he can take his rambles, even on the coldest day, without any clothes on. He is happy only when undressed.

The cure for an insane baby is the removal of the thing that made it insane and careful food with quiet surroundings. The second two are easily managed, but it is as hard to take things away from an insane baby as from an insane old person. Only the baby dies instead of fighting it out. Opium, paragoric, the different forms of liquor that are given to make quiet and sleep, have formed this habit, and the baby dies in breaking it off.

Nurses are said by doctors to be the offenders in the majority of cases. To get a good night's sleep they give a baby almost anything from elder to brandy, and from Jamaica rum to hygienic. Drunkards are made by the hundreds, but it is the insane ones that are worse off. There is hope for the baby drunkard, little hope for the other.

An asylum for crazy babies may be a thing of the near future and a Keely cure for drunkards under five.

ALBERT CAMERON.



Bare-Headed in the Sleet, the President Takes His First Lesson in Serving the People.



The Youngest Lunatic in the World Combs His Hair With His Bottle and Pulls Out His Curls.